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VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 28, 1899. NUMBER 18.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1899. NUMBER 18

The "Advocate of Peace" tells us that the Philippine war cost, up to November the first, two thousand eight hundred and fifty-five lives. That the territory acquired was one hundred and seventeen square miles. It has cost us about twenty-five lives for every square mile.

The next Alfred Nobel prize for the best argument for peace between nations, presented through any of the arts, will be awarded on the tenth of December, 1901, the date being fixed by the Norwegian Parliament. The prize will reach from fifty to eight thousand dollars. Here is the inspiration for the artists. Let us hope that the far-reaching vision of the Scandinavian will be justified.

At the beginning of the invasion of the Philippines by an American army UNITY said that we were beginning a campaign of coercion that would be paralleled only by our experience with the Indian, a campaign that would not end in a century. The sad death of the brave General Lawton is only an incident in the doleful experience that we must live through year in and year out so long as we persist in trying to teach a people to love us by gunpowder, to humanize an archipelago by war. The less tangible our enemy the sadder will be our campaigning.

Among one of the most suggestive and prophetic features of the Paris Exposition is promised a "War Exposition." Mr. John de Bloch, the author of the great work on the future of war, that had such influence upon the Czar's mind and those present at the congress at The Hague, has the matter in charge. He is planning an exposition that will cost $200,000. It will occupy a large three-story building. It will contain a full collection of the modern implements of murder, placed in comparison with the antique ones. There will be a lecture hall in connection therewith, where the principles of peace will be expounded.

In another note we speak of the "lecture hall" that is to be a part of the Peace Exhibit at the Paris Exposition. Is not the lecture hall the one thing most needed now in popular education? The library is wanting its right arm that has not a hall, where its wares are expounded, its material interpreted, its constituency discovered and increased. The Field Museum in Chicago finds its hall its best feeder, and slowly its curators are becoming public educators through its hall. The assembly room is the last and most important development of the public school building, and its uses are only partially discovered. The churches of the land are only partially utilized. They represent dead capital to a large extent, because they have not become, as they might, the assembly halls for all good things and high interests that may be going. This would not secularize the churches, but it would put ethics and religion into the civil life of the community.

The acting judge of the Juvenile Court of Chicago has just been giving to the workers on these lines in the city of Chicago some startling facts. He says that "during the past six months more than one thousand cases of delinquent and dependent children have been adjudicated in the Juvenile Court of this county, furnishing data, disclosing conditions and imposing duties which urgently demand the wisest judgment and the most humane consideration of all good citizens. Alarming conditions menace the childlife of Chicago. Hundreds of firesides are schools for crime; drunkenness and destitution are blighting thousands of homes; children are being imprisoned because they are poor. We have a complete remedy in our new school law; our great need is prompt, wise and effective application of the law. This can only be secured by awakening public sentiment to existing conditions and the consequent responsibilites. 'What method will best help us secure the attention and interest of the people of Chicago?' is the question of the hour." The question of the hour for Chicago is the question of the hour for America, ay, for the world. All other interests are secondary to the interests of the children.

A correspondent is distressed because UNITY has so much to say "against imperialism, but never a word of the mistake which this country made in plunging headlong into a war with Spain on behalf of Cuba," and then our correspondent proceeds to argue that inasmuch as that mistake was made, all the subsequent steps are not only natural but justifiable. As a matter of fact, UNITY has a consistent record in this respect. It opposed from the start the declaration of war with Spain; it believed that the humanitarian needs of Cuba could have been much better met by crackers than by bullets, but it recognized then, as now, the pathos of the situation in Cuba, and it rejoiced in the humane instincts that sought to alleviate human woes, even by a sad, a blind and foolish attempt, the cost of war; but that problem solved, so far as the military could solve it, UNITY holds that there was no ethical justification and no political necessity to follow up the inevitable privileges of a conqueror and accept the next opportunity thrown in the way of a conquering power. One mistake does not justify more mistakes. A bad beginning does not legitimatize subsequent steps. Sooner or later, in some way or another, the false step must be retraced and atonement be made. Providence does not forgive and forget. But the account must be balanced and the extravagance must be stopped if the bills are to cease.

In the death of Dwight Moody America loses another of its strong characters. He has not been inaptly classed with Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher, the three forming the great triumvirate of the American pulpit. He was unquestionably a man of magnificent power, and that power of the noblest kind. His triumph was the triumph of earnestness; his power was the power of sincerity. Unlike his associates mentioned, he was a man untouched by the new thought, but greatly swayed by the new conscience—the corporate conscience. His was the passion for a redeemed society, a kingdom of God on earth. In this respect he was a pathetic illustration of the transitional man, too late for the old, too early for the new. Like Agassiz in science, he dreaded the new thought, but all his word and work were a contribution to the new thought. He forced men to face the dogma of infallible scripture, vicarious atonement, eternal punishment and all the attendant paraphernalia of a supernatural Christianity. He himself faced these problems and accepted the old conclusions. Tens of thousands were led through his earnestness to do the same for the time being, but were the truth known, probably hundreds of thousands were sadly compelled to confess even Moody's earnestness and ethical nobility were not convincing; indeed, Moody himself was only partly convinced, for it was the noble task of his life to compel the old theology to do service for the new sociology, and the sublime outcome of his life is to be found in the fact that he pricked the forms and pretensions of the churches, mercilessly exposed their artificiality. With his merciless logic he broke down the artificial barriers between the sects, he filled up the shallow ditches between the churches and compelled orthodoxy at least to stand together and represent their fundamental convictions. The Christian associations and the various Christian Endeavor movements represented the circumference of the circle of which "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified" formed Moody's religious fellowship. The work which Mr. Moody began in the revival room he continued in the classroom. The Sankey songs were his preliminary helps. The Northfield Bible School and its far-reaching adjuncts were his permanent dependents. Moody was a man in earnest, consequently the man eloquent. Moody forgot the artificial distinctions and burrowed deep to the roots of things, consequently he was the man powerful. Though he died a conservative in his own estimation, the estimation of history will pronounce him a radical of the radicals. In non-academic ways he did just what Channing, Parker and Emerson did in academic ways. He used the old words honestly, but through them glowed the new light and the new life which he himself but partially understood. Moody is to have splendid successors, many of them already on the field. They are not using his theology, but they are representing his religious spirit, grappling with present evils, striving for present righteousness and in defiance to denominational politics, church statistics or ecclesiastical names and authorities, and this represents the radical work in hand.

The New Cheer.

One of the leading Chicago dailies, in a playful editorial, after commenting upon the exactions of what it sarcastically calls the "new ethics" that compels men and women to ask how their clothes are made, how their Christmas presents were bought; that demands of them that they look into the condition of the horse they ride, how he is fed and harnessed; how the turkey was marketed and where the plumes came from on the lady's hat, and, finally (as though this was the last straw that would "break the camel's back"), rebukes them for the very Christmas tree, the life of which was cut short in its youth, which with its fellows left the denuded acres of forest land, concludes that one "had better die than live under such conditions." This playful editorial doubtless represents the shrinking of many people from facing what seems to be the grim morality of social science and civic ethics. But instead of making life grim these new demands and fresh relations immeasurably multiply the inspirations of life; they give the glad sense of companionship with all sentient life; they make conscious the touch of elbows that puts the individual in the long line that is moving on toward the common end and the shortcomings of the one are reinforced by the resources of the many.

Then a new cheer comes in the sense of the commonwealth secured by this new morality. One's conscious resources are not limited to his bank account or the vested rights recognized by the courts. The Christmas tree denied in the parlor is one's very own in the forest, and if allowed to remain there will be the resourceful wealth of children half a century later. The lady that foregoes the bird on the hat owns the song and the joy of the bird as well as its untarnished plumage and the undimmed luster of its eyes.

A new cheer comes to the soul that feels itself entitled to the fellowship of all the Christian sects, who has a right to the home feeling in the Catholic cathedral and in the Jewish temple, who is no foreigner in Asia though born in America and who has no burdens that he is not willing to share with the brown man and the black man, who, indeed, knows that the black, brown and white man are all capable of bearing burdens and that when all are allowed their right to such burdens there are no burdens that will prove too heavy for anyone. Instead of driving one to court death, this larger thought of life and duty begins to make life a cheer, a living and perpetual joy.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

Good Poetry.

Another year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on!
Whelm'd in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, forever gone!

Oh, no! forbear that idle tale!
The hour demands another strain,
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark blue sky,
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And given to countless changes birth.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread,
To me, to me, there comes no night.

Oh! what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death, the pain
To leave, or lose wife, children, friends!
What then—shall we not meet again
Where parting comes not, sorrow ends?

The fondness of a parent's care,
The changeless trust which woman gives,
The smile of childhood, it is there
That all we love in them still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

—*A. Norton.*

The Cloud.

A cloud came over a land of leaves
(Oh, hush, little leaves, lest it pass you by!)
How they had waited and watched for the rain,
Mountain and valley, and vineyard and plain,
With never a sign from the sky!
Day after day had the pitiless sun
Looked down with a lidless eye.

But now! On a sudden a whisper went
Through the topmost twigs of the poplar spire;
Out of the East a light wind blew;
All the leaves trembled, and murmured and drew
Hope to the help of desire);
It stirred the faint pulse of the forest tree,
And breathed through the brake and the brier.

Slowly the cloud came, and then the wind died,
Dumb lay the land in its hot suspense;
The thrush on the elm-bough suddenly stopped,
The weather-warned swallow in mid-flying dropped,
The linnet ceased song in the fence;
Mute the cloud moved, till it hung overhead,
Heavy, big-bosomed, and dense.

Ah, the cool rush through the dry-tongued trees,
The patter and plash on the thirsty earth,
The eager bubbling of runnel and rill,
The lisping of leaves that have drunk their fill,
The freshness that follows the dearth!
New life for the woodland, the vineyard, the vale,
New life with the world's new birth!

—*Anonymous.*

The Mid-Continent Congress of Religion.

HELD IN SINAI TEMPLE, CHICAGO, DEC. 12, 13 AND 14.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION.

REV. DR. HIRAM W. THOMAS, PRESIDENT IN THE CHAIR

(*Stenographically reported by Miss Minnie Burroughs.*)

REV. JOHN FAVILLE, PASTOR OF CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH OF PEONA, LED THE AUDIENCE IN THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The President: The morning opens bright and beautiful, dear friends, and the subject that comes before us is one of vital interest, by Prof. Herbert L. Willett, instructor in Semitics in the University of Chicago, and Dean of the Disciples Divinity House. Professor Willett, please come forward.

THE DEMANDS OF THE TIMES UPON THE TEACHER OF THEOLOGY.

The question which we have first to ask this morning, in thinking concerning the theme announced, is the limitation of the title, "The Teacher of Theology." Who is the teacher of theology? Certainly we cannot limit that phrase to the teachers of dogma in biblical or theological seminaries, for they are by no means the only teachers of theology; nor can we limit it to those who have to do with other disciplines in theological seminaries, the men who teach church history and sociology, Old and New Testament literature and other subjects which enter into the theological furnishings of our time. These are not the only teachers of theology, although, indeed, the most conspicuous figures in that category. The preacher and the evangelist are constantly at work in this field, and not infrequently those who perhaps most disclaim any interest in theology as a special discipline are the most persistent of all its teachers. There is many a man who says, "I do not teach theology, I only preach the gospel," who is more dogmatic than the man who teaches dogma.

There is another question that needs to be asked, and that is: What, after all, have the times to do with the matter of theology; what right have the times to demand anything of the teacher of theology? Is it not true that the teacher of theology is removed beyond the category of those sciences that are progressive, upon which demands may be made by the public, by this something we call "the times in which we live?" It has been affirmed over and again that theology is a divine science, that there have been given from God to the church certain elementary propositions which it is only the duty of the theologian to affirm and not question.

Therefore, what right have the times to demand anything at the hands of the teacher of theology?

It is sometimes a matter of interest to see how much of this time spirit there may be in the Bible itself. We mean by "the times" that co-ordination of intellectual forces and practical movements which dominate and make up our present life. In the New Testament there are two interesting aspects of this truth. The author of the Second Epistle of Peter speaks of his hearers being "established in the present truth." This signifies that there is an eternal truth, an eternal gospel; and there is a time truth, or a truth that is fitted to the age in which men live, and that truth is modified by influences and forces, sociological, historic, scientific, philosophical, that go to make up that co-ordination of facts and theories that prevail in any given time.

There is another interesting passage found in the closing chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which the writer warns his fellow believers against pinning their faith to two things; first, to doctrines; second, to men. For doctrines and men all pass away. No doc-

trine abides forever, for it is but partial at best. The partial truth passes away and gives place to larger truth. The false passes away by the weight of its inherent weakness. Teachers pass away also. It is Jesus Christ who abides, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Therefore, we have warrant, I think, for the belief that the times may make some definite demand upon the teacher of theology.

First of all, with reference to the man himself, aside from what he teaches, the times demand that he shall be a man of the times, a modern man, living in the day and generation which he seeks to serve. It is said of David, "that he by the grace of God, having served his generation, fell asleep." He did not seek to serve some other generation, as I fear too many teachers of theology do; he was living in the times, a product of the times, with a message for the times.

What is it to be a man of the times? It is to be an educated man, educated in philosophy, in science, in history, in social movements, in all those things which concern our present life. How different are the times in which we live from those of our fathers.

If a man is to be an interpreter of the present truth he must be educated in the present truth. In the second place, he must be a man who touches men, for to a great extent the teacher of theology has been a recluse, a man of the library or the cloister. His thoughts have centered upon doctrinal teachings, too far removed from practical activities. I cherish the remembrance of a teacher in the seminary, one of the kindliest men I ever knew, and yet one who has not entered into practical work for fifty years; he was still living in the atmosphere of the olden times; he did not know of what the churches were thinking or doing in recent days, and the result was that he could not fit young men for the hand-to-hand grapple with the present times, as one needs to do who is a teacher and helper of men. Often the teacher of theology is a man who does not enter into the struggle of the times—the present problems of life. He is suspected or not taken seriously, because people know he has not been touching earth; he has been living in the clouds. The very sight of a teacher of theology in a social settlement would be an inspiration to the whole religious community.

In the third place, the teacher of theology must (which I think goes without the saying) be the practical incarnation of his teachings, one who believes in the spirit of Jesus, and in whom that spirit pervades every act and sentiment. He must himself be a living, generating power of righteousness to those whom he teaches.

But more important than this, and the real subject of our consideration, is the demand of the times upon the teacher of theology so far as teaching is concerned. And by the "teacher of theology" we mean every man and woman who has to do with religious instruction, in the seminary, in the pulpit, in the Sunday-school, everywhere where religious teaching is set forth.

He must be fitted to teach the progressive development of faith through history.

The teacher of theology must recognize the fact that the church is a living organism. The church is the visible representation of the "kingdom of God," embracing whatever movements have made for righteousness, and that church, as a living organism, has grown through the centuries. He must be prepared to recognize and teach the fact that the Old Testament is the record of progress in the revelation of the will of God; that the prophets as teachers, standing in a succession, emphasized new truth; that the new prophet corrects the old one; that he amplifies the horizon as a teacher and student of religion, and that he is himself a harbinger of new faith and larger interpretations of the will of God. The most casual study will teach one that God was progressively realizing himself through the ministries of these prophets who spoke his purpose to men of the olden day.

In the second place, he must recognize the fact that the New Testament is also the progressive revelation of the will of God. It is true that the central figure is Jesus Christ. And yet we have at least three very strikingly divergent types of theology in the New Testament; not contradictory nor mutually exclusive, but progressive. The Christianity which was represented by James and Peter certainly did change or give place in a large measure to the type of Christianity represented by Paul; and that prepared the way for the Johannine type of thought. But this is not all, for in the realization of the spirit of Jesus Christ progress is also made. It is true that he came into the world as the fullness of God's revelation of Himself to the world; it is not true, however, that the first century was able to comprehend that truth. Therefore, the teacher of theology must be able and willing to concede the fact that all Christian history has been a progressive discovery of Jesus Christ. During the first few centuries it was the problem of the nature of Christ. Is he human? Is he divine? What is the character of the relation between the human and divine? Then in scholastic days it was the problem of the nature of man. In the reformation period it was the problem of the nature of redemption, of salvation. In the present time it is not any of these. In striking contrast, it is the problem of service. How may this organism, called into being under the leadership of Jesus Christ, listening to the voices of prophets and teachers of the past, discharge its real duty to society in the present world? The influence of philosophy, literature and politics must be felt in the life of the church, for they have had large influence upon it. And we are face to face with the fact that in the history of the Christian church, as well as other religions, we have to-day a very considerable survival of heathenism. We have still much to lose that belongs to the old and less ethical life of the past.

The teacher of theology must recognize the fact that there is a difference between the old dogmatic and the new. I do not speak alone of what we call the new theology. I speak more of a method than a result. The old theology had as its task the proving of certain principles that were given it by the church, inherited from the past. It was the endeavor of the old dogmatic to fortify its principles by proof texts taken from scripture; and it made very little difference from what portion of scripture these texts were taken, or what were the original circumstances that called them into being, for these men proceeded upon a given theory of inspiration, which leveled all scripture to one great divine utterance. Texts were taken from various parts of the Bible and made to serve the purpose of dogmatic proofs to support the fabric of this theology of the past.

To-day we face new conditions. These have been produced by the incoming of two elements as aids in the study of Christian thought, and especially the Bible. The first is Biblical criticism, which has disclosed the fact that the Bible is not to be considered as in the olden time, a book all of whose utterances proceed upon one level; but, further, that it emerged at different times; that it deals with vastly different sorts of men; that these men were touched with human infirmities; that it is a product of the religious consciousness under the impulse of the divine spirit, rather than the final utterance of God himself. One may say frankly and emphatically that the Bible is the word of God, the disclosure of the divine purpose through men. Nevertheless the true function of Biblical

criticism cannot be obscured. It is its task to point out the weak places in the old dogmatic.

There is another element that has entered the arena —Biblical theology. This was naturally based upon the discoveries of Biblical criticism. Each Biblical writer makes his contribution to the sum total of the faith; we cannot say indiscriminately of all utterances, "the Lord said," but we have the right to say that "Paul said," "James said," "Isaiah said," "Jeremiah said," and that the study of these varying contributions to the Bible constitutes the foundation of a fuller and more exact theology. I do not affirm that the teacher of theology must subscribe to all the results of Biblical criticism, but he must be hospitable to its methods. He may, after due consideration, discover that he has no sympathy whatsoever with the findings of Biblical criticism, but there must be at least the willingness to place not only before himself, but his students, the facts of criticism.

Dogmatic is the master science, the greatest of all. But it can never achieve its work until it has taken into its wide embrace those truths taught not only by fresh perusal of the scriptures, but by the discoveries in science, philosophy and the social movements of our day. Theology waits for such a spirit of hospitality to truth.

In the third place, the times demand of the teacher of theology that he make clear the issue between the so-called unaffected portions of the community and Christian truth. Theology has not made a clear issue between Christianity on the one side and the disaffected classes on the other. It has been so content to emphasize certain elements that may or may not be essential, that it has quite failed to discover that the things which reasonable and honest people, both among the leisure and the artisan classes, resent today, are not the essentials but the non-essentials—those doctrinal and dogmatic presuppositions which have obscured the real issue between Christianity and disbelief. To make that issue clear is the great task of theology in our own times. It is to remove that issue from the intellectual to the ethical arena; to make it clear that whenever man has antipathy to religion it must be a moral antipathy, not an intellectual one. This is one of the splendid labors which theology must take upon itself. It must clear the field for action; it must emphasize only great themes. It must permit the rejection of the message which it presents to be based solely upon moral antipathy to the message.

In the fourth place, the demand of the times is that theology shall emphasize the affirmations of religion, not its denials. It is not doubts or negations which the world needs, but emphasis upon truth. It has been the fault both of liberal and orthodox churches that they have been content to affirm their negations. They have been saying of certain doctrines, "These things are not true," and have been pointing out various elements which ought to have been left behind—mere points of controversy between churches. The thing which the church as a whole needs to emphasize is the great positive element in the gospel of Christ. What the teacher of theology needs to affirm is that which he grapples to his soul with hooks of steel. Let the doubts take care of themselves. Let the negations sink into a minor place, and they will soon pass away by their own weight. We talk oftentimes of "liberal faith," and it is one of the attractive watchwords of the hour, both on the part of the liberal and orthodox churches, for we have all been breaking away from the trammels of an orthodoxy too binding. But, after all, do we understand the fact that too often the watchword, "free thought," is in many cases an apology for the freedom not to think. We may, in seeking for freedom, abandon all to which the soul can anchor itself in the need and stress of human life. The great verities of our faith ought to be emphasized. Whatever we have and have tested should be given to the world in emphatic form.

What are the essentials of faith? One of these essentials is the fatherhood of God. That is the particular contribution which Jesus made to the religious thought of his time. It is not true that the fatherhood of God was first announced by him, but it was given a new significance in his teachings, and with this comes at once access to God and the feeling of responsibility to Him.

One of the essentials with which the teacher of theology ought to be concerned is the leadership of Jesus. We may say what we will of him and of his relationship to God; we can all agree that Jesus Christ is the truest incarnation of God. As Renan said, "He is the most beautiful incarnation of God, in the most beautiful of forms." We can feel that his life in the flesh was the nearest approach to a human life of God which the world has ever known, the moving of God in terms of human life. Once more, in keeping with this idea, let me enumerate a few particulars. The sacrificial life which Jesus lived was not a life removed from stress and struggle of the world. It was not only sacrifice, but self-realization. The life of Jesus was the most happy, the fullest, the most profoundly beautiful life ever lived. It was not the life of self-denial for the sake of giving up, but for the sake of self-realization.

In the next place, there is the atonement; by that I mean that element of mediation which brought the unification of man with God. Jesus Christ saw men were sinful, not in harmony with God. He sought to bring them into harmony. He saw the ravages of sin as no other saw them, and yet he believed in man's salvability. The church is a life-saving station, a workshop, from which all ministries of helpfulness may proceed.

Then, of course, we recognize the brotherhood of man, never realized except through the fatherhood of God. Because of this fatherhood we may become brethren.

I would emphasize the leadership of Jesus. We must regenerate human life, and foster the kind of holy living which the world needs—the life of prayer, the life which finds a secret place for the presence of God within it. The corporate unity of society must be as responsible to God as is the individual himself; then only can society realize its true ideals.

I should like to speak to you of the function of the holy scriptures, and of the presence and power of the divine spirit in the life. The two doctrines of the Christian church, the doctrine of the holy scriptures and the Holy Spirit, rightly interpreted, are essential to all holy living.

We must also come to recognize, and it is one of the special demands upon the teacher of theology of our day, that all the religious forces in the community are closely related to one another; that there is need of a great unity in the common service of humanity. We have common problems to solve. I do not believe any man can say that he believes his church has the sum total of all Christian truth; but he does believe that his communion has a phase of truth, a needed contribution, without which there can be no completeness, no symmetry, in the preaching of the church of Christ.

Now, can it not be that upon such a platform as this we can unite to do that work which society needs to have done? The relation of this church to that church across the street must in the very nature of things be more close, more necessary, than the relation of this church to some distant one of like faith. I should like to say two things, the first of which is that there must be no compromise on the part of any one of the

churches in that which it holds essential. Second, that there should be a much larger appreciation on the part of each of the value of the rest. Thus all may be able to discover that there is an opportunity for co-operation. In this manner we may hasten the coming of that period of righteousness, that "kingdom of God," as Jesus named it, for which we ever pray. This may be realized through the efforts which we make, and by meeting these demands which are made by the times upon the teacher of theology.

This address was followed by Jane Addams of the Hull House, who read a paper on "The Ethical Demands of the Times," which address is withheld for further use by the speaker. Miss Addams was followed by the Rev. Judson Titsworth of Milwaukee, who spoke on "The Demand of Sociology that Theology Be Ethicized." His address is not at the present time available. UNITY hopes to present a synopsis later.

At the close of these papers the three subjects were open for discussion.

DISCUSSION.

The Chair: Now, friends, we have a short time for some impromptu addresses. These have all been studied and very able papers. I see that Dr. Rondthaler is in the congregation. Come up, Dr. Rondthaler, and give us a word.

Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, Pastor of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago: Why, you take my breath away. Bless your heart, I can't talk after all this high business. Why, see here, how can you expect a horse, when it has been fed on green grass all through the season, to get out on the road with great big draught horses that have been fed on oats and are pulling this great weight? My work, my dear friends, is to get out of the pasture. You can't expect me to get out here and pull with these friends. But I am going to pull when I get a little of the oats. And yet I am glad I am here, because, in the first place, I have not been lashed. I expected to be lacerated, stabbed, overrun, and here I find in the calmest, sweetest way, the grand and magnificent thought of a humane God entering my soul. * * * I am glad to learn from this first paper, the latter part of which I heard, that I have a right to preach the beautiful constancy of the divine among men, and I am glad to know that the time has come when theology no longer sits on the throne, but that theology has taken the beautiful ideas of Christ and is trying to apply them, in modesty and in earnestness, in the life that is here and now.

Oh, yes, we Presbyterians are coming along. We are not on the band wagon yet, but we are the boys waiting for the circus. We will get in, and pay our way, too. The idea that I have gained from this first paper is the beautiful idea of the Christ spending his time through all the night in prayer and then coming down and standing on a plane with the people. Yes, when theology stands on a plane with the people, as Miss Addams says, then we shall understand the beauty and the glory in and among men, and the kingdom of God shall come. I believe men and women ought to apply the doctrine of individualism.

And then comes this demand of sociology upon theology, which needs also to be considered. Actually, this young fellow, the new science sociology, has come to his Father and said, "Father, give me the portion that belongeth to me." And sociology is not going out to waste it in riotous living, but is going to take the Father's grand and magnificent portion and divide it with his brother.

A Stranger: Brother Chairman, I feel as though I would like to say something. I believe that the Liberal Congress has done a very great service to religion by bringing together men of all communions heretofore considered wide apart in theological thought, to find how wonderfully together we are on the great and essential things of theology and religion. I have almost no word of criticism to the admirable addresses we heard this morning. Speaking of one thought in the last address, it is a wonderful thing for a man who is nominally orthodox to tell us substantially that in the ordinary theological sense such a thing as the "Fall of Man," as demonstrated scientifically and historically, has never occurred in the history of the world; it is wonderful because all of the theology of orthodox criticism has heretofore been based upon that fact. Now, there was just one other thought that I want to refer to in the first address; there was a quotation in the words of the scripture, in substance: There is no name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved except the name of Christ. Now, it was Jesus who uttered these words, and he never could have been guilty of uttering those words to be understood in a literal sense. I am a profound believer in the divine revelation of Jesus Christ. I am glad to follow his leadership; at the same time I think a rational rendering of those words would be that there is no other way in this world to be saved except by the spirit and love that are revealed in Jesus. Now, if that kind of true spirit and love happens to be revealed, as it is in thousands and thousands of mothers, those mothers are saviors of their children. While I accept Jesus as my leader and teacher, yet at the same time I do not want to put even Jesus so close to my eyes that the very infinite God Himself is hidden from me. That is very far from the teaching of Jesus. I do not want even to put Jesus so close to my eyes as to hide the virtue, nobility and divinity of all noble lives of men and women who have lived in this world, for they also are saviors. Wherever the spirit of God is there is the spirit of salvation. Wherever the spirit of Jesus is, the truth he taught, the life he lived, the character he bore and the spirit he manifested, there is the divine spirit of salvation.

Rev. F. E. Lyon of Chicago: I was very much interested in the paper of Miss Addams in regard to making ethics an art, and it seems to me the same should be true in the last paper, that sociology should be ethicized as well as theology, by making it an art, or rather recognize it as an art more than has been done, perhaps.

We might classify the arts, perhaps, and speak of sociology as the first of the arts. Certainly it is more than a pure science. And it seems to me if we could come into the spirit and teaching of some of the great artists who have become social teachers, we should get more practical value out of our sociology and realize that it has something not merely to teach in the college and university, but to apply in everyday life. I believe our sociology needs to be touched with this spirit of art. We need to learn the art of living and to realize that sociology has its application in our everyday life, from home to state.

Dr. E. G. Hirsch: Perhaps the average theologian does not understand that from away back sociology, the social institutions and social life reflected themselves into the metaphysical interpretation of the mysteries of the world and the human soul. The modern signs of religion, if they have shown one thing beyond the fact of certain laws of religion and growth, have certainly demonstrated the almost inseparable corelation and interrelation of sociology and theology. It was because the people loved the tribal life that they conceived the idea of a tribal God. The institution of their society gave them the dogmatic expression for their theology. It was because certain people had not outgrown the original social institution which held the family and clan of a criminal responsible for the crimi-

nal's act that we have the doctrine of atonement, as I believe it is taught or used to be taught in so-called orthodox evangelical churches. Paul in his theology was, perhaps, the unconscious interpreter of a sociological institution, that of blood avenging. In the old Semitic society (and traces of this are even found in the Old Testament) it was held that the family and the clan were responsible for and had to meet the consequences of the doings of every member of that family. When sin was committed all the descendants of the sinner were included in the consequences of the sin, and the one who took upon himself the guilt, although he did not commit the sin, was the redeemer. So out of this social element Paul construed the thought that a great love, incarnated in love, taking upon itself the consequences of sin not committed by it, is the redeemer. If you want to trace the doctrine of atonement to its psychological origin, you have the relation between theology and sociology.

A tribe conceives of the Deity as tribal. Long after the tribal period is passed the concept of a tribal God will persist, reacting upon the people in the direction of keeping them in tribal exclusiveness; their sympathies will be contracted. This is the vital thought and the fertile thought that has come to us, and so pithily put by the last paper we had the good fortune to listen to. Sociology has indeed the right to ask of theology, to get out from under the spell of ideas that are inherent in former institutions. It is not a new connection that we wish theology to enter into, not a new marriage, but simply to follow again its original course of taking its ideas from the better and broader sociology.

We can all understand that if we are brought up to the notion that this life, after all, is preliminary and of no consequence, that this earth is under a curse, that the evils of which we complain were brought on account of the fall of man, in whose fall the heavens fell too, it is natural we should not have ambition to remedy events here on earth, for "this earth is of no value," "the true life begins after we have left this earth," and come to the conclusion that there always must be poverty and misery, because the poor are intended by God to be a trial unto us and that for every dollar we give to the poor we have a right to claim a reserved seat in some opera box of a heaven hereafter. If the poor rise up we must tell them, "You are destined in the providential plan to be poor, but your turn will come; lo, 'the last shall be first and the first last.'"

In the old Jewish book you do not find a line of cleavage between world to come and world that is, between theology and sociology. In the old Jewish religion all things were religious. The distinction between sociology and theology was never drawn in old Judaism. And that is the principle for which I believe we must stand—that there is no distinction between sociology and theology, that both are religious.

The old Jews, too, had a way of making ethics an art. They did not merely preach ethics; in fact, very little preaching was done; but they lived it, and the parents taught their little children that certain principles had to flower forth into practice. Now, from this way of training the children up, the Jews succeeded in their limited way—of course their horizon was not wide—in connecting ethics with life or making of ethics an art. The old Jewish synagogue was organized along practical lines, was not a preaching and praying institution, but had a number of associations where the religious and ethical elements were carried on. It had associations for study, for visiting the sick, for procuring husbands for girls not provided for, for protecting the wayfarer. Their whole ethical life was brought into fruition in practice. Another principle was that alms-giving was good as far as it went, that loan-giving was better, but that giving of the personality was the highest. And so the Jews understood personal service was the highest duty and highest reward of a truly religious life. If we would only carry that into our present life I think we would have found the solution. I think if we begin to practice and stop theologizing we shall succeed.

There is a story of an old Jewish rabbi, a Jewish Rip Van Winkle, whose name indicated "the-man-who-drew-the-circle." As the story goes, he drew a circle and stood within it, and said: "I shall not leave that circle until it begins to rain." And God loved him so well that on his determination not to leave the circle God thought it was wiser to send the rain down, for he knew that otherwise he would stand there until doomsday. Hence they gave him the name of "the circle man." Of him it was told that he fell asleep, then woke up and came back and was not known by anyone; thereupon, playing upon a Hebrew word, he said: "Give me either society or death." He preferred to be dead than to live in a world out of touch with society.

Now, our method should be the method of the old "circle man;" make up our mind to stand where we ought to stand and force Providence to comply with our wishes, always His wishes if our wishes are along the lines of the providential plan of eternal righteousness and underlying love.

Rev. Dr. Galusha Anderson: I want to say a word. This is a broad platform, as we learned last night, and as we have been assured to-day, so I think there ought to be one more voice. I cannot discuss the things brought up here in reference to theology. I am in most hearty accord with the main contention here this morning that theology should be practical. I was greatly pleased with the paper of Miss Addams. But I want to enter a protest. My protest is this: That the presentation of theological truth by my good brother here from Milwaukee I repudiate. That is not what orthodox men like myself believe at all, and his men were men of straw. I do not believe that science has established the fact that man, by transgression, did not fall. I do not believe that science has brushed away what Paul taught in reference to it, that man is restored to his lost position through Jesus Christ. I do not accept the presentation of my brother of the doctrine of atonement and of substitution. The kind of substitution that he spoke of orthodox theologians do not teach so far as I know.

And here is my friend who thought he ought not to get Jesus Christ very near to his eye, lest he should obscure the Father. He forgot one thing that Jesus himself said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and that, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

NOON LUNCH.

The adjournment hour, 12:30 p. m., had arrived. Dr. Hirsch invited all non-resident friends to partake of a lunch served by the ladies of Sinai congregation in the social rooms below. Upward of fifty accepted the invitation, and an hour of delightful sociability was spent.

January.

When thought of age creeps o'er us with the days
Of dark December and the old year's end,
And we, as to the grave in sadness wend,
Then dawns the new year with hope and praise,
To shed upon our path rich rising rays,
And we to happiness and sunlight tend—
Until the dark and bright in beauty blend,
And show that Providence foresees our ways!
Now welcome we the prophecy of spring,
Amid the waste her messengers may speak,
Their words to us a glorious vision bring—
Of all that summer sun's thro' centuries seek;
Here is the sign and whisper of God's breath,
"Time fails you not, and life must conquer death!"

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

IX.

THE SECOND BOOK OF MACCABEES.

MEMORY TEXT:

For we are ready to die rather than transgress the laws of our fathers.—II Maccabees, vii:2.

We have in this book charming material for teachers and mothers. As we said last week, the four books of Maccabees do not depend on one another, are not related to one another, are not co-terminous. I have just caught a phrase from Renan that helps us out. He talks of the "growth of the Maccabean epic." During this period there was growing up, not in literary completeness, but in the minds of the Jewish people, a beautiful epos of heroism that is well represented by the phrase, "the Maccabean epic." It became a favorite theme for rabbi and scribe, for father and mother, and I think it must still be the most popular mother resource of Jewish story.

The writer of the first book of Maccabees lived in Jerusalem and was the immediate inheritor of the pain, pinch and trouble of his fore-elders. He represents what in the time of Jesus might have been called the Sadducee spirit, the spirit of the moralist, who took more interest in the ethics of Judaism than in its worship.

The second book of Maccabees is exceedingly interesting from the fact that instead of being written in Jerusalem it was written in Alexandria, by a man who claimed no originality and who is sometimes called "the condenser." The book is an attempt to popularize a learned and heavy work written in Cyrene by one Jason. His work consisted of five parts, so long, heavy and learned that this compiler, editor, condenser, living in Alexandria, undertook to give a popular version of it. The original work is lost and we know of its existence only from the preface, in which this writer alludes to it, explaining how he came to write the book and describing his method.

This book is more distinctly apocryphal than the first Maccabees. It does not profess to be accurate history, but is written from the standpoint of the moralist, confessedly for the purpose of inculcating lessons of devotion, piety and patriotism.

The first two chapters contain two alleged letters to Jews living in Alexandria, inviting them to come to the re-dedication of the temple. The first letter is found in the first nine verses of the first chapter. The second letter begins at the tenth verse of the first chapter and extends to the eighteenth verse of the second, while the last thirteen verses of the second contain the preface. The remainder of the book falls into five sections, which may have matched the five books of Jason.

The first of the five sections reaches from the third to the fifth chapter and deals with the troubles which preceded the completion of the temple. The sixth and seventh chapters constitute the core of the book and contain its best lessons. In the eighth and ninth chapters and the first eight verses of the tenth we find an account of the insurrection of the Jews against Epiphanes. From this point to the twenty-sixth verse of the thirteenth chapter we have the war of Judas with Antiochus Eupator, the successor of Epiphanes. And the last two chapters, the fourteenth and fifteenth, give an account of the war of Judas with Demetrius and contain the classic story of Heliodorus, which inspired the beautiful painting of Raphael.

If the first book represents the Saddusaic spirit, the second represents the Pharisaic. And here let us disabuse our minds of the idea of reproach implied in the New Testament use of the word "Pharisee." Jesus did not like the Pharisees for obvious reasons. The Pharisees developed a great mass of liturgical severity; they were Puritans of the Puritans. The word meant separatist, one who wanted to keep apart, but the Pharisees were good people for all that and represented the morality and integrity of Jerusalem. The Sadducees were those who practically stood by the "constitution," while the Pharisees stood by the constitution with all its aftergrowth of regulations and ceremonies, the law which is represented by the Pentateuch, plus the writings of the prophets and the later ceremonial additions. The Pharisees stood for the elaborated church. The Sadducees represented the clear, cool-headed moralists, the secular, business side of life, and so naturally came to comprise the best families, the "blue blood." They were the Boston Unitarians, the Beacon Hill lights of Judea.

There are a number of stories in this book which, though of little historic value, will appeal to the children by reason of their picturesque quality and the rugged heroism which they describe.

The story of the preservation of the sacred fire is a miracle worth telling. When the temple was sacked the priests hid the altar fire in a well. They went to Babylon and were gone fifty years. When they came back they looked in the well for the fire and found nothing but water. But Nehemiah said: "It is all right. Put the water on the altar and light it." They obeyed and found that the very water was preserved fire.

But the finest and strongest of the hero stories is that of the stalwart mother who saw her seven sons one after another tortured to death before her eyes, while she looked on and encouraged them to hold out to the end, though a word might have saved them from torture and death. This book is strong in its grasp of immortality and the resurrection, so much so that the early apologists, the Christian fathers, argued that the spirit of Christ must have been its inspiration. The story of Eleazar is a graphic martyr story, which the children will enjoy more than the teachers, for it is just such a blending of the picturesque and the horrible as children love.

The writer of this book was evidently attempting to simplify the original work that the people might carry it in their memories, and he used his material to good purpose. In a literary way this book is the most suggestive we have found, though something lacking from an historical point of view. But tradition is worth as much as fact, because tradition is itself a fact. It is well if we are not so much slaves of the reliable, the accurate, the matter-of-fact, that we cannot enjoy and sympathize with these wonder stories of old. Anyone can love the things he believes, but it takes a wise man to appreciate and realize the beauty of that in which he does not believe.

The Friends' Book Association of Philadelphia have published "The Personal Reminiscences of Anti-Slavery and Other Reforms and Reformers," by Aaron M. Powell. Mr. Powell had this work about ready for the press at the time of his death. The subject treated, the author and the circumstances under which the book appears all combine in giving to the volume permanent value in the libraries of those who are interested in the heroes of freedom and the heroic days of this nation.

The Study Table.

The New England Company, with headquarters at New York, is preparing to issue a uniform edition of Mark Twain's works in new type, modern illustration, etc. This is a gracious recognition of the merits of the man who has just reached his seventieth year, who probably has made more people laugh than any other man now living, and he who is the cause of innocent laughter serves humanity.

The "Journal of Theological Studies," Vol. I, No. 1, October, 1899, published by the London end of the Macmillan Company, is before us. The introductory statement, by one of the editors, is the first to challenge our attention. It justifies this venture on the ground that, notwithstanding the wide interest in the current literature of theology, there is still no "regular organ of communication between students whose lives are spent at the universities and elsewhere in the pursuit of scientific theology." It starts out with a promise of supplying this want. It promises to give original papers on all subjects which fall in its province; to print ancient texts which have not appeared in type, or which, for any cause, may need to be printed afresh, "not forgetting the needs of the laity." We judge that the "Journal" is largely in the hands of Episcopal clergymen, and it is, therefore, an interesting witness to the progressive and scholarly elements found among the English clergy. The opening number contains articles on "Recent Research on the Origin of the Creed;" two articles on "The Acts of the Apostles;" a practical discourse on "Some Principles of Hymn Singing," and much other interesting critical matter.

The first number of "The International Monthly," published by the American end of the Macmillan Company, with the editorial office at Burlington, Vt., is before us, bearing date of January, 1900. Frederick A. Richardson is the managing editor, but he is reinforced by a brilliant array of names in France, Germany, England and the United States. The magazine promises to cover, with the work of an able committee, with a respresentative from each nation mentioned above, the departments of history, philosophy, psychology, sociology, comparative religion, literature, fine art, biology, medicine and geology. The present number contains articles on "The Later Evolution of French Criticism," by Edouard Rod of Paris; "The Influence of the Sun Upon the Formation of the Earth's Surface," by N. S. Shaler of Harvard College; "Organization Among American Artists," by Charles De Kay of New York; "Recent Advance in Physical Science," by John Trowbridge of Harvard University, and "The Theoretical Syndicate," by Norman Hapgood of New York. The ambition of the magazine is indicated in its very form—shorter than the conventional standard, clear type, plain, simple, light to the touch and attractive to the eye. If this magazine does not thrive, it will be because, like so many of its predecessors, it is too good to live. Its ideal is too high to thrive. The price of $3.00 per annum and 25 cents special number, is going to try to apply the principle of cheap monthlies in the domain of scholarship and original research.

Some Human Documents.*

Three books, presenting certain aspects of human life, and one in interpretation thereof, may be brought together to show the revolutionary character of much of modern literature. The title of one of Bolton Hall's chapters is "Deliverance from Bondage." This gives the cue to readers of the other volumes. The boy is delivered from bondage to adult authority and treated as he is in his own individuality. The tramp is freed from bondage to respectability and given right of way. Language is rescued from classicism and is rendered alive and expressive. This is revolutionary, but Bolton Hall adds: "No man is wise enough or good enough to govern another."

Mr. White has the genius of sympathy and discernment. His tales of Boyville are the truest ever written of boys. Now, the secret of his insight lies in his willingness to let a boy be a boy: "Let him run if he will; Heaven's air is a better elixir than any that the alchemist can mix. What if he roams the woods and lives for hours in the water? What if he prefers the barn to the parlor? What if he fights? Does he not take the risk of the scratched face and the bruises?" This is a profound philosophy and bears upon other subjects than boys—tramps, for instance.

Mr. Flynt, in his volume, poses as a student and suggests means of reforming the tramp, but it is clear that at heart he rejoices in the tramp's freedom and opportunity. One who is burdened by property and respectability is almost persuaded to doff the livery of servitude and don the wear of "the turf." It is said that sixty thousand hobos tramp the road yearly in America, living off the community, returning no equivalent, possessed simply by the wandering spirit. On another plane another sixty thousand live in equal idleness and travel over the land in parlor cars. If one were not a tramp he would want to be a millionaire's son, just for the freedom and opportunity it brought. Allowing the divergence of these types from the normal, and the seriousness of the problem brought to sociologists, the truth remains that "no man is wise enough or good enough to govern another."

And this principle applies to language as well as to life. Slang, or slanguage, represents the emancipation of speech from the conventions of the schoolmaster. Slang is the normal language of boys and tramps and other free types. The use of dialect in literature is one of the surest signs of the progress of democracy. Not the least enjoyable feature of George Ade's "Fables in Slang" is the striking picturesqueness of the slang.

So the idols are crumbling. Authority is weakening in every field. The elders may lament the innovations, but the signs of the new era multiply. Bolton Hall is among the prophets. What he wants is simple enough—the right of way. But this is what the world is slow to grant, thinking that men must be limited and prohibited in some way. It is true that few persons have the slightest confidence in freedom. As Hall remarks, "To call anything 'free' is to stamp it with opprobrium. 'Free love,' 'free trade,' 'free thought,' even 'free press' and 'free speech' are regarded as paraphrases for 'unbridled license and anarchy.'" The consequence of this situation is that the practice of freedom is known only by those who are outcast from "good society." But it would not be surprising if some day the actual practice of freedom should become general. Instead of coercing the boy and the tramp it may be easier to emancipate the man.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

*"The Court of Boyville," by William Allen White. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. "Tramping With Tramps," by Josiah Flynt. The Century Co., New York. "Fables in Slang," by George Ade. Stone & Co., Chicago. "Things as They Are," by Bolton Hall. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"The Surface of Things."*

"The Surface of Things," by Charles Waldstein is a decidedly novel book in aim and execution and marks, perhaps, an epoch in literary evolution. The primitive phases of life, the impulses and strivings which tend to satisfy the fundamental needs of the species, the relation of man to woman, love in all its aspects, the lust of power and gain, the struggle for existence, empire, money, a career—these and similar topics have engrossed the interest of novelists. But above these basal passions rise a thousand intellectual, ethical, more abstract activities that in reality make up the greater part of the conscious life of a modern cultured and "surface" man, and yet these needs have hardly been recognized, certainly not satisfied, in any modern novel. To supply this defect in fiction Mr. Waldstein has written a number of tales that contain the Philosophy of the Superficial. The execution is as novel as the aim. A form is chosen that lies midway between fiction and the essay, a form intended, like the subjects themselves, to reflect the cognitive side of the mind. The author asks pertinently: "Have not the talks which moved and modified our life and marked epochs in our existence been connected and coherent, going to the foundation of things—were they not of the 'Essay' order?" At first many questions arise concerning the validity of this theory of the surface and of the method. But the book fully justifies itself and proves to be one of the most remarkable books published in recent years. O. L. T.

The Larger Faith. A Novel.*

To take up a novel with the above title gives one a curious twist. But the twist soon untwists as the pages are turned. The sermons implied by the title are found to be there, and the story promised by the novel is not wanting. The seeker after new truths is not disappointed, and the inveterate story-reader, in finding his own, must needs come upon much else that ought to be made his own.

Twice the sermons are given in full, but the rest are scattered brokenly throughout the conversation of the principal actors. The thought-lines, prominent in theosophy and Christian Science, weave in and out, mingling harmoniously with that plain, unclassified religion-in-the-simple which constitutes this "larger faith." The incidents of the story obey implicitly the motive of the book, and their outcome is intended to illustrate that "love to God and love to man" is the easiest, most natural and only religion on earth, as in heaven, if one will but yield himself unreservedly to the good influences within and around him. E. T. L.

An Ode to Girlhood.*

Poets who have lived to win immortal bays have begun with things less beautiful than these. The Ode which names the book is exquisitely noble, fine and sweet. It should have been read at Vassar, Smith or Wellesley on some graduation day. What exaltation it would have given to the time! Lovely in every part, it reaches the perfection of its beauty in the eighth group of lines. For another beautiful example take "A Criticism in Values," daringly extravagant, no doubt, but not too daringly for lips and eyes which some of us have known. There are others quite as beautiful as these and the collection reaches a lovely climax in The Wedding Gown, in which are these almost too tender lines:

"She is gone; and the house is changed and thrilled and dim.
There is nothing to say
Now that she is away;
Let us all be quiet and think of the wonderful day.
The moon in the orchard walks, and the world is white.
Shut the doors; the child will not come home to-night.
She was kind, she was good, she was true.
What more had we to do
Than to make her so, and send her away with him?"

J. W. CHADWICK.

*"The Surface of Things," by Charles Waldstein. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

*"The Larger Faith," A novel by James V. Coulter. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co. pp 285. $1.

"An Ode to Girlhood and Other Poems." By Alice Archer Newall. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1899.

Brief Notices.*

*Obscurely emergent from the dialect in which this solid volume is couched, appear several ideas—on life, marriage and other things—which, except for their present setting, are not unfamiliar. The book, however, is substantially bound, and has an attractive title.

**In these little brochures, by Alice B. Stockham, there is packed away a goodly amount of information, interestingly told, concerning Hindu marriage customs and the Oriental philosophy of nutrition.

***We have here a pretty booklet on a most entrancing theme—the nature and activities of the life to come. Shaped by an evolutionary philosophy and colored by Swedenborg's suggestive speculations, this dainty story of a young artist's experiences "behind the veil" will serve a useful purpose if it helps any who anticipate an eternity of golden-harpings to replace this ideal with one more worthy of the powers of an endless

****This volume, the contents and trend of which are indicated by its title, is marked "Twentieth Thousand." That twenty thousand persons should be found to care for the archaic type of thought and the mechanical conception of God's government, which this book embodies, is discouraging to one who hopes well for his fellowmen. The threefold portrait of the author—as thinker, as speaker, and as frontispiece—imports a certain interest. GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE.

Bruno.

A good dog book is a good educational book. The dog humanizes us. A decent dog puts a mean man to shame. I find on the table just such a dog book as I like. Its title is "Bruno." It is published by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, and is from the pen of Byrd Philman Dewey. It tells the story of a noble animal and can be cheerfully laid beside John Brown's "Rab." Get it for your boys. Another first-rate book comes from the same publishing house, entitled "Fife and Drum at Louisbourg." It is by J. MacDonald Oxley. It is a book that makes capital use of history, and uses it in the right sort of way—that is, without perverting the facts. I should say that it was a thoroughly excellent book for our holiday purchases, to be given to young people. E. P. POWELL.

Bite, frost, bite.
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

*"Life Immortal," by I. Pickering Miller, 8vo, cloth, pp. VIII, 376. The Kosmos Publishing Company, Orange, N. J., 1899.

**"Hindu Wedding Bells," 12mo, paper, pp. 36, and "Food of the Orient," 12mo, paper, pp. 27. Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago, 1899.

***"Behind the Veil." 18mo, decorated cloth, pp. 107. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 75 cents.

****"The At-One-Ment Between God and Man." Millennial Dawn series, Vol. V. The Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa.

The Home.

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SUN.—Love is the wondrous angel of life that rolls away all the stones of sorrow and suffering from the pathway of duty.
MON.—It is the suspended judgment that is the supreme form of charity.
TUES.—Worry is mental poison; work is mental food.
WED.—Simplicity is the pure white light of a life lived from within.
THURS.—Let man criticise others less and himself more.
FRI.—We should seek to forget our failures, and remember only the new wisdom they gave us.
SAT.—Man in his weakness is the creature of circumstance; man in his strength is the creator of circumstance.

—*William G. Jordan.*

The New Year.

Ripe manhood hails thee, happy morn,
For with thy birth is courage born;
Thou bringest hope and strength anew
For heart and hand the whole year through.

But unto childhood, glad New Year,
Thy dawning brings the blithest cheer;
Thy promised gifts delight his eyes
For days before December dies.

The while the crackling frost-bells ring
The old year's farewell ting-a-ling,
The little ones throughout the land
Lie dreaming joys from New Year's hand.

—*G. H. Barnes.*

The Chinese New Year.

Almost every Pacific steamer bears to these American shores a living freight of Chinese emigrants. These oriental foreigners, with their many festivals and strange customs, will soon form an important element in our social system; and boys and girls, not less than their fathers and mothers, are interested in knowing all that can be learned of these staid, dignified, courtly "Celestials"—for dignified and courtly they are, even in their working dress, in the kitchen and behind the counter.

The Chinese New Year falls on the sixth of February, and it is considered a day of such vast importance that not a man or woman of the realm, the infant of days or the man of a century, the millionaire or the beggar, is to be excused from taking part in its ceremonies. Every individual in China, from the Emperor down to his humblest subject, observes the New Year, by the suspension of his ordinary business, and devoting himself to feasting and merriment, for three days at least. All who can possibly procure it don an entirely new suit, no article of which has ever been worn before, and those who are too poor to obtain a full suit are sure to array themselves in at least one new garment—a cheap hat, fan or handkerchief, if nothing more costly can be afforded. Not to honor the day thus would be regarded as a national offense, and it would subject the delinquent ever after to the charge of being unpatriotic as well as penurious. Many of the working class, who go bareheaded and barefooted the year round will, on New Year's Day, make a grand exhibit of fancifully ornamented caps, white stockings and shoes of many-colored silk, borrowed or hired for the occasion from regular dealers. Even boats, houses and fences must be newly dressed in honor of this grand gala, and then adorned with strips of bright red paper, on which have been inscribed, in black or gilt letters, good wishes, congratulations or compliments. These scarlet-colored mottoes, blended sometimes with curious devices, are placed above or on the sides of the principal entrances, and they are deemed by these superstitious people very needful to keep off evil spirits and bring general "good luck" to the owners or residents.

On New Year's Eve sacrifices of rice, fruits, sweetmeats and gold and silver paper are made to the old year, and the ceremony of watching out its last, expiring moments is strictly observed, in house and temple, by priest and people. During the entire night every street and lane is thronged with pedestrians, half wild with excitement, leaping, shouting, singing, beating gongs and kettle-drums and seemingly each determined to make more noise than any two of his fellows! But as the king of day ushers in the New Year's dawn, every door is closed, streets are deserted, quiet repose usurps the place of the preceding discord and the whole populace seem lulled in the embrace of somnus.

The lapse of a few hours, however, brings another change of program. Sedan chairs are in request conveying their owners on visits of ceremony; tastefully clad domestics bearing presents and congratulatory cards from the wealthy and noble to their friends, and return with similar tokens of friendship; social parties assemble in public and private places, and as friends meet on the street, each points his hands on his breast, bends his body forward, and thus they continue for several minutes, bowing and complimenting each other on the propitious return of this festal season. The laboring class amuse themselves with processions, fireworks and street music, thus spending at least three days—and the wealthy as many weeks—before the ordinary routine of social life is restored and business resumed.—*F. R. Feudge.*

The Oak Leaves.

When Art Halderson, the architect and builder, went out to superintend the erection of St. Hilda's Orphanage in the grove west of the city he had to ride three miles in his cart beyond the limits of the most exploratory street car line.

"The orphans will never find this place out," he commented to himself. It was a fact that St. Hilda's appeared to be without neighbors, and for that reason land was cheap and a playground a thing easy of achievement. A week of wind and sodden rain took the glory out of the landscape and left the grass and the grove all brown. The oak leaves lay thick upon the orphanage ground and the place and the work alike seemed melancholy to Halderson. Sad little faces seemed to peer at him out of the unfinished windows; slow little feet seemed to kick at the leaves. The pathos of life in general and of an orphan's life in particular haunted the young man's thoughts.

He had an ache for a companion. Life was seriously lonely with him since he had left his old associates and come half across the continent to put his abilities to the test at Chicago. But he had a large force of men on the contract and he must keep himself at the task of pushing the work early and late.

One day when the sky was drab and the wind kept up a shriek through the denuded trees, and the leaves were piled to mounds, he became conscious of a little figure moving along the outskirts of the grove. It was much the color of the leaves, and as it crept along, peering in curiously, Halderson had a humorous idea that it might be the spirit of the orphans come to look at their future habitation. The little thing had a sylph-like motion, and now and then some caprice got the better of her dignity and she scampered among the leaves like a kitten, making a great rustling. Her tangled brown hair streamed upon her shoulders, escaping from a tiny hood which she had long since outgrown. Her little frock was fringed at the bottom as the result of impulsive adventures. Halderson was quite fascinated with the antics of this little earth crea-

ture—for she seemed as irresponsible as a gnome and as grotesque—and he made up his mind to form her acquaintance. This was not easy to do, for no sooner would he approach than she would speed before him on the lightest of feet, in and out among the trees. Not caring to make himself too undignified before his men, Halderson desisted, and went about his work. Then the leaf-girl drew quite near—so near that he could see her eyes and her little tanned, eerie face.

At twilight she disappeared, and though Halderson looked all about him as he drove home for some house in which she would be likely to live, he could find none. There was, it is true, a group of tar paper shanties occupied by graders, half a mile to the west, but it did not seem to him that she could have come from there. Moreover, the shanties had been there since he began his task. Why had the elf not come out when the days were golden and the flowers were in bloom? Why should she wait till the storms came? Did she ride on the autumn wind? Was she the spirit of the faded leaves? The child was so illusive—that was what diverted him.

The morning of the next day wore away without his seeing her, but just before the early autumn dusk she came again. He heard her scuffing in the leaves before he saw her, but when he turned, she waved a tantalizing hand to him, and seemed to vanish in the falling shadows of the day.

"Where does that child come from?" he asked one of his men as casually as he could.

"She's the daughter of one of the graders," replied the man. "I know her father—he's a Dane. His family only came out here two days ago. Jorgenson got tired of baching it, I suppose."

That night Halderson drove to the town's edge and got his supper, and then he drove back over the prairie road again, past the orphanage, to where the tar paper huts were. The night was crisp, and the stars were out and beside the bed of the projected railroad he saw a huge camp fire. It looked wild and inviting, and Halderson urged his horse on. A sound of music greeted his ears, too—music of fiddle and clappers. As he drew closer he saw men and women dancing about the fire. There were so many more men than women that they were under the necessity of taking each other for partners, and, locked in each other's arms, the brawny Scandinavians whirled and galloped about on the hard earth. Some tiny children capered about, too, screaming and laughing. And without any partner, quite by herself, went the leaf girl, circling and bending, tossing her pliant arms—the impersonation of the wild, windy night.

Halderson, who had more than his share of northern blood—considering that he always thought of himself as an American—felt the homesickness go out of him suddenly. He waited for no welcome. He tied his horse and joined in the innocent revel, and presently he and the leaf-girl were teasing each other about the fire, he always pursuing, she always vanishing.

The women made black coffee afterward, and there was bread with meat upon it for refreshment, and then Halderson drove away in the biting frost. The doors of the little tar paper houses were closed. But lights gleamed from the windows and twinkled in friendly fashion at the architect as he went on his way.

After that the leaf-girl and he used to talk together at the edge of the grove. But she was as coy as a squirrel that chatters at one from a lofty branch. She brought him little messages, such as:

"There was ice on the ditch this morning. I tried it with my toe. It almost held me. When it is hard I shall skate." Halderson could imagine that she would skate like the wind. He thought to himself that he would like to build an iceboat and put her in it under the stars. Once she said:

"I cannot laugh any more. I cannot run to-day. Something says to me: 'Ingebord, you are not to laugh and run to-day.'"

"That is called a presentiment," said Halderson. "Your people are forever having them. But presentiments never come true. They are old wives' tales."

"I do not know any old wives. I only know I cannot run." She held her little head down and walked sadly among the shadows. Halderson followed her, and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"You must laugh to-morrow," said he. "It is wrong for you to be sad. There are some things, like squirrels, and birds, and you, who ought always to be gay." But she walked slowly with drooping head for all of what he said. The next morning brought news to him of a bad dynamite explosion among the road-makers. The leaf-girl's father was killed, and his wife was only Ingebord's stepmother. At twilight she had not come, so he went over to her. She was sitting in the hut beside the dead man, keeping watch.

"I am saying all the prayers," she said, gravely. "I suppose he must be much afraid at being dead. It must be hard getting used to God." She fell to praying again, and Halderson went out. But it was he who saw to a proper burial for Jorgenson and the two other unfortunate victims of the accident. Ingebord was grateful, and came down to tell him so.

"But what am I to do now?" she inquired. "My stepmother, she must work to care for her own children. She cannot also work for me." She looked with mournful eyes at the murky sky, and the wind blew her sad little garments about her.

"I know," said Halderson, with an inspiration. "See, to-morrow the good sisters move in the far wing there of the orphanage. It is ready for them—heated, and lighted and all. You must be the first orphan. It will bring luck."

She started at the word orphan, and she turned red at the thought of the charity. Halderson saw and understood.

"I shall see you every day then, little one. Come, to bring luck to the good Sisters. I will tell them you are a mascot. And I will give a gift to the Sisters—a gift for you. So it will be no charity. Is it agreed?"

The leaf-girl looked at him wistfully. Then the sadness went out of her eyes. She knew that she had found a friend.

"It shall be as you say," she said, simply. "I do not mind saying, 'thanks' to you."

"You shall always be my little earth-person," he said; "my little creature of the drifting leaves. I shall watch over you as long as you live."

So she was content, and every day when she sat at her studies or did her tasks among the gentle Sisters she knew that without was one who was strong and true, watching over her.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Chestnut Burr.

A wee little nut lay deep in its nest
Of satin and brown, the softest and best,
And slept and grew while its cradle rocked,
As it hung in the boughs that interlocked.

Now the house was small where the cradle lay,
As it swung in the winds by night and day;
For a thicket of underbrush fenced it round,
This lone little cot by the great sun browned.

This little nut grew, and erelong it found
There was work outside on the soft green ground:
It must do its part, so the world might know
It had tried one little seed to sow.

And soon the house that had kept it warm
Was tossed about by the autumn storm,
The stem was cracked, the old house fell,
And the chestnut burr was an empty shell.

But the little tree, as it waiting lay,
Dreamed a wonderful dream one day,
Of how it should break its coat of brown,
And live as a tree, to grow up and down. —*Selected.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Heavenly Pastures.

Thou makest me to lie down in green pastures; thou leadest me beside the still waters.—Ps. 23.

'Tis not in earthly paths, O Lord, Thou leadest
Thy waiting flock beside the waters still;
'Tis not in earthly pastures green Thou feedest
And makest them in joy and peace to dwell.

For lo, how oft' instead of verdant meadow
Their pathway lies through deserts bleak and wide;
Yea, through the Valley of Death's dreadful shadow,
Thy rod and staff their trembling footsteps guide.

Yet are Thy Heavenly Pastures ever waiting
For longing souls that seek Thy peace to win,
And far from earthly strife and care retreating,
The soul that heeds Thy call may enter in.

There in the silence of the soul's devotion
Thy Love and Strength Divine our spirits fill;
Above the storm and stress of earth's commotion,
We rest in peace beside the waters still.

Oh! to these Heavenly Pastures, Shepherd, lead us,
Then, though on earth our feet are bruised and sore,
By living waters we shall rest and feed us
And dwell with Thee in peace forevermore.

—*Helen Ekin Starrett.*

Iowa Falls, Ia.—Mary, the wife of Rev. John Mulholland, pastor of the People's Church of Iowa Falls, Iowa, died Sunday, December 10, after a brief illness. The funeral services were held the following day, Rev. Rett E. Olmstead of Storm Lake, Iowa, officiating. The husband, and daughter, Bessie, have the sympathy and love of many in these hours of sorrow.

Tacoma, Wash.—The First Free Church of this place has a Sunday-noon Bible class, led by Mr. Frank D. Nash, who is studying the development of man as shown from history. The course isconcerned with fifteen stages, beginning with the priestly government, of which ancient Egypt was an advanced type, ending with the industrial struggle of the nineteenth century and the development of the American constitution.

The Illinois Humane Society has just published a summary of its work for the last ten years, which shows an aggregate of 7,802 children rescued; 3,914 of them placed in charitable institutions; 8,145 horses defended, 2,220 disabled animals shot, 1,119 persons prosecuted for cruelty to animals. Such work would seem to deserve all the money it needs to carry it on, and still for all the "prosperity" and boasted "generosity" of Chicago and Illinois, this work languishes for want of money, notwithstanding that the Christmas trade of Chicage is estimated to have reached ten million dollars. In the name of the Humane Society we plead for that perspective that will more justly distribute the benefactions of life.

The Express Companie—Now that the holiday rush is over, the plea of a veteran express messenger may be read with deliberation and sympathy. A correspondent, who has been thirty-six years and six months in the employ of the leading express companies, writes us that during the December of each year, one-twelfth of the year, every express car hand is expected to do the work of three, even though it takes seventeen or eighteen hours out of each day in doing it. Every nerve is strung and strained and the trepitant heart throbs and flutters. He quotes an old messenger, who used to go by the name of "Colonel," as saying, "I have fought with the British in the Orient, with the Americans in their Civil War, but those experiences were only picnics compared with going over the rapids at Christmastide with an American Express Company." Our correspondent adds on his own hook, "If Roosevelt has not already gotten a clear conception of what the strenuous life means, let him enter the service of an express company during December, and he will have a more ample demonstration thereof than he ever received at Cuba."

Books Received.

"Uncle Sam's Bible, or Public Teachings About Politics," by James B. Converse. The Schulte Publishing Company, 323-325 Dearborn street, Chicago.

"The Great Physician and His Power to Heal," by E. E. Byrum. Gospel Trumpet Publishing Company, Moundsville, W. Va.

"Post-Biblical History." A compendium of Jewish History, from the close of the Biblical Records to the Present Day. By Rabbi Sigmund Hecht, D. D.

In "Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrims" I find an interesting description of a "deaconess" who was connected with the Pilgrim church during its brief stay in Amsterdam in 1608-9, before the "contentions" of "Mr. John Smith and his companion" constrained the peace-loving Pilgrims and their saintly pastor, John Robinson, to remove to Leyden.

The aforesaid "deaconess" was an "ancient widow, who did them (the Pilgrims) service for many years, though she was sixty years of age when she was chosen. She honored her place and was an ornament to the congregation. She usually sat in a convenient place in the congregation, with a little birchen rod in her hand and kept little children in great awe from disturbing the congregation. She did frequently visit the sick and weak, especially women, and, as there was need, calling out maids and young women to watch and do them other helps as their necessity did require; and if they were poor, she would gather relief for them of those that were able, or acquaint the deacons, and she was obeyed as a mother in Israel and an officer of Christ."

This quaint and beautiful picture of the "ancient widow" who became a "deaconness" naturally provokes a rather ludicrous comparison between her and the deaconess we are accustomed to seeing now. They would scarcely know what to do with "little birchen rods," nor would they be very "awe" inspiring to even "little children."—*I. N. Danforth, M. D.*

Are You Thinking of Christmas?

Do the following notices of "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, suggest anything in this direction.

Charming sound and beautiful wayside Gospel.—David Starr Jordan.

Drawn from the heart of nature, leading to the peace of God.—Intelligence, Seattle, Wash.

American Literature has hardly the equal of "The Religion of the Bird's Best."—E. P. Powell.

It is well that Jess died. She becomes a spirit pleading for the slights put upon our dumb companions.—Edith Keeley Stokely.

This is almost more than a good book; it is an inspiring book. It does not preach; it allures the reader without his knowing it, to high moral levels.—Chicago Tribune.

Broad, liberal, loving, true; addressed to Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, the rich and the poor, the humble and the simple. It is a book that should be in the hand of old and young—to comfort the one as he walks through the valley of death, to help the other as he lifts his young eyes to the hills, whence cometh help.—The Buffalo Commercial.

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